

I accepted my situation and it would be soon cleared up. They took me to a junior high school in the city. This place looked more like a prison than a school. It was a typical Victorian building. Arched doorway, concrete decorations, and also handmade bricks. The cornerstone read 1870. I thought, “Reconstruction era. Middle Victorian.” They said, “We caught another fish for you.” The secretary said, “Sit down on the bench. Wait.” This sounded familiar from an uncle that had been in the military, “Hurry up and wait.” A girl came in and sat down beside of me. I imagine she found me to be cute because she treated me like Marty and the young Lorraine in a **Back to the Future** movie.

I moved away from her and we began to talk. Her father was the principal of this school. I told her, “This is a terrible mistake and misunderstanding. Got a piece of paper?” She handed me a clipboard with a clean sheet of paper. I wrote down the following poem from the Twilight episode called **The Star**.

“Mourn not for us-For we have seen the light. Have looked upon beauty. Have lived in peace and love. Grieve for those, but who go alone, unwise, to die in darkness and never see the sun.”

I noticed something was bothering her. I asked her, “What is it? What is wrong?” She said, “They accused me of breaking a serious rule.” I asked, “Is it true?” She looked at me through her nerdy glasses, she looked much like me, a nerd that was picked on and she said, “Yes.” I said, “We all make mistakes, hit stonewalls, halt some projects, start others, cross barriers and so on.” She asked, “What was your mistake?” I said, “Going to the library. I am staying at the Opryland KOA. Picked up outside the Museum. I was going to go through the cemetery.”

She began to giggle. I replied, “Telling the truth.” She said, “Wonder if you will get a lickin from my father. He is the principal of this school. You look like one that plays hooky from this school.”

Finally, he called her in. I heard the two argue like a lawyer arguing a case before a judge. He finally asked, “You want me to call witnesses?” This back and forth debate went on for what seemed an hour or two, but it was only fifteen minutes. He motioned me to come into his office. I entered and he said, “My bratty daughter, here,” pointing at her, “thinks she does not need to follow the rules. She thinks she is better than the other students. She was in possession of the next set of tests to

be given. She was caught in the desk. The teacher let her take them. This is a violation of the rules.” I said, “Sir, if they were old tests and not the new ones then no harm was done. If they were the new ones then she must take her medicine.” He said, “Thank you Mr. Mason. Go back out, please.” I replied, “If she was at the school I came from then she would be spending a little while at home. You are welcome, Mr. Burger.”

I heard very clearly what was going on in the office. She came out, angry as a hornet. She shouted, “How could you! Take up with him!” She was both crying from the pain and anger directed at me. He came, she was about to grab me. He said, “Enough! You will not be taking the next test! You will have a written test! You touch him then he will be the one giving out the punishment! He is our guest.” He motioned me to come in and said, “Don’t mind my bratty daughter. She acts more like a two year old sometimes.” She stuck her tongue out at him.

I sat down in a overstuffed leather chair. I commented, “You can lose someone in it.” He asked, “Picked up in town, Huh?” I said, “Yeah, outside the Museum. Got me something to eat at the cafe. Good food.” He replied, “I eat lunch there sometimes.” He

asked, "From Chesapeake, Ohio, Huh?" I said, "Yeah, President of the underground science club." He asked, "The school doesn't start until after Labor day?" I answered back, "That is right. We are camping at the KOA, Opryland." He said, "Heard it is a nice place. Never been though." I said, "That is like Camden Park in Huntington. I've been there, but since moving I hadn't." He asked, "What is your name, son?" I gave him my name and he had a shocked look on his face. He said, "Are you kin to a man with that same name?" I replied, "My father." He said, "Well now, if that doesn't beat all. Follow my daughter to her next class. Don't get close to her." I asked, "Why?" He said, "You are small. She babysits some that are a bit bigger than you. Don't want her pounding on you."

After all was said and done then he told his daughter, "He is our guest. The same as if he came from a foreign country. You introduce him." She muttered, "If I can get him across a desk, first." I whispered, "You may wind up over my lap."